

The Oxford Democrat

TER: TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR.

"THE WORLD IS GOVERNED TOO MUCH."

ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS IN ADVANCE.

NEW SERIES, VOL. 10, NO. 14.

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OLD SERIES, VOLUME 26, NO. 24.

Farmers' Department.

"SPEED THE PLOW."

DARIUS FORBES, Editor.

All the arts and sciences pertaining to life, are closely linked together, and are intimately connected with Agriculture.—AGRICULTURE.

From the Maine Farmer.

Culture of Spring Wheat.

To the many enquiries received relative to the cultivation of spring wheat, I propose to answer through the Farmer.

1st, Soil. I have had the best success with winter and spring wheat on clay loam, particularly if plowed soon after a crop of clover hay was taken off, and a light top dressing of compost manure applied and worked in with the cultivator just before sowing. If it had been under the plow and hoe with long manure the previous year, we plow as early as the soil is sufficiently dry to crumble and fall light from the mould-board. If too early to sow, let it lie in furrow until that time arrives, then work it with double and single horse cultivator. If much rain has fallen since plowing, the horse hoe will pulverize and leave the soil lighter than any other implement we have ever used. But on no account let this soil in particular be wrought when wet, as it depends on dry work for present crop of grain and future crops of grass, if stacked down to grow with grain. This rule of dry handling applies to most soils with less force than the clay.

Most of our rocky land, whether dry or moist, produces wheat well, if properly manured and wrought. In years past, some of our best crops have grown on beds of black wet soil, between high dry, and flat cold spring land.

2d, Manure. Land upon which long manure has been plowed in, (I say plowed in, because I think it the only economical way to use it if applied to the soil fresh,) for the use of other crops the year previous, needs none other for wheat. It tilled without manuring, top dress with compost or some old decomposed manure, before sowing. If fresh, plow and cover with full depth of furrow. By no means let new manure come near the surface for wheat.

We have grown good wheat on old mowing, plowed the 8th mo. (Aug.) which was rolled and harrowed immediately after plowing. Let it lie till spring—compost spread just before sowing on a part of the field; guano, 250 lbs. to the acre on the other part, all worked in with horse hoe. No material difference in the crop—both good.

My friend Israel Bray of Kingfield, Somerset Co., (who raised 500 bushels of good wheat in 1855,) has a novel method of using manure and growing wheat. At any rate, it is new to me. He keeps a large stock of cattle and sheep, spreads the strong manure on the oldest mowing fields, plows it under and sows wheat the first year; turns in the stable after harvest, and the next spring sows with wheat and grass seed. He gets good crops of wheat and hay in plenty. He plants but little, and keeps up the two important crops of wheat and hay, better by this than any other mode or system of husbandry known to him.

From the little experience I have had in the use of guano, I am of the opinion that 150 to 200 lbs. to the acre, varying according to the fertility of the soil, and when no other manure is used, is quite sufficient for my land.

Some of my correspondents write me that they have old fields that were planted last year, and manured with 20 to 30 cords per acre of strong animal manure, and ask me if more is wanted for a crop of wheat on same land this season. I answer—No. Your land is probably too rich with this kind of dressing already, for wheat. Lime, ash, or bone dust, would be useful to strengthen the straw and perfect the berry on land thus highly manured from the stables.

A compost made after Prof. Mapes' direction, with salt, lime, and swamp mud, is safer than stable dung alone, for wheat—at any rate, it has proved so on my farm.

Where 1-2 to 2 tons of clover hay had been taken from an acre, plowed soon after, spring wheat sown 20th 5th mo. (May), with 2 bushels plaster to the acre, or on high loam, 50 bushels leached ashes has given a good crop.

Time of sowing and quantity of seed. Since the weevil has troubled our wheat, we have been forced to late sowing, although we hear of early sowing escaping this little malicious enemy, and the result of my inquiry and experience is, that the 20th of 5th mo., in our latitude, is as early as wheat may be sown with safety. I have had the crop entirely destroyed, sown in 4th mo., and injured one-half, at least, the 10th of 5th mo. Early sowing is best, in localities where weevils do not trouble. Last year we sowed Java wheat from the 20th of 5th mo. to 1st of 6th mo. The last was best, whereas two of my neighbors, who had seed of me, and sowed about the 10th of 5th mo., lost more than half their crop by these little destroyers.

The wire worm has injured my wheat so badly that I have not arrived at any satisfactory conclusion how much seed of Java wheat is best. The berry being large, I conclude about two bushels to the acre would be necessary to make as many plants as 1-2 usually sown of the wheat we had been growing. Several farmers to whom we sold one bushel each, last spring, sprout it over three-fourths of an acre, and raised from 15 to 20 bushels, although considerably injured by a heavy storm that leveled it with the ground when green. They are of opinion that 1-2 bushels to the acre is sufficient on land under good cultivation and free from worms. My worthy friend, Wm. D. Dana of Washington County, whilst attending to his official duty as member of the Board of Agriculture, last winter, informed me that 3 bushels of Java wheat per acre were none too much; and that on their soil and climate, from some cause, more seed of all kinds of grain is necessary than in the valley of the Kennebec.

3d, Harvesting. When the straw begins to turn white, just below the head, and the berry is not quite hard, is the right time, and earlier rather than later. If left until quite ripe, there is more loss by shattering out in harvesting, less flour, and poorer quality, and straw of little comparative value for fodder.

The Java is the largest and tallest straw of any spring wheat I have seen, and shatters from the ear in handling the easiest, therefore it must not be mown and raked like hay, as is the custom of many farmers. We cut with cradle and sickle, hand in single bands immediately, if there is no wet on the straw when cut, set in shocks of six to cover with hay-caps, and let it remain in the field through storm and sunshine until the grain is hard.

I have extended this paper to meet the several points queried after by my numerous correspondents, and although nothing original is claimed for any part of it, perhaps some young New England farmer may find something new to him, which, if practiced upon and proved useful in a small degree to increase his crop of wheat, I shall be fully remunerated, for it is a matter of deep and abiding interest to me to see the farmers of New England put forth their whole strength to raise our own breadstuffs, as in years not long gone by, when the farmers' granaries and the merchants' warehouses in the Kennebec Valley groined with the thousands of bushels of excellent wheat, affording a surplus for export.

Moses Taber, Vassalboro', 4th mo., 1855.

Does Cream Weigh Less Than Milk? It is generally believed that the reason why cream rises to the surface, is because it is lighter than the milk. Jason White of Conway, a practical farmer, who has had the handling of cream, milk and butter for the last fifteen years, has recently tried the following experiment: he took a pail holding just thirteen wine quarts, and filled it with cream free from milk. The cream and milk together weighed thirty-six pounds. He then filled the pail with new milk, and again with skimmed milk, and each weighed the same as the cream. On churning the thirteen quarts of cream he had thirteen pounds of butter. He argues that the weight of milk proves nothing as to its richness; that the cause of cream rising is its exposure to the atmosphere, and that to have cream rise well, the depth of milk in the pail should not exceed two inches. Single plants of Boston Pine of the first planting had 12 stems of berries, and though they are 36x18 inches, they bore more than any others of the same age. The soil is gravel, with a great deal of sand and a little clay mixed in; very easy to work, and is dry in a few minutes after a rain, though in a drought it feels more moist than clay or sandy ground, and the vines never dry up on it. The garden is on level land, on the top of a small hill. It has no manure of any kind where the strawberries are, and I am sure that they do better than the plants of neighbors who have put them on very rich places.

In starting with any kind, I want only two or three plants, as from those I can raise any number of plants I want, and then they will be in the garden ready to transplant; and when it is done with the dirt on the roots, and all taken up with a trowel, at least six inches square, they will do well at any time, and one need not wait for a rain, as they don't wilt in a hot day. I never let two kinds mix in the rows; and if Longworth's or some other kind, with perfect flowers, is within 20 feet, that is near enough to make Barr's New Pine, and Hovey's bear full crops.

We like Barr's New Pine best to eat, but they must be left on the vines longer after they are red than any other sorts. Next to Barr's, we put others in the following order for flavor: Longworth's, Boston Pine, McAvoy's, Crimson Cone, and Hovey's. The Crimson Cone are earlier than any other, and those with the savdest were the richest in flavor of all.

WASH FOR FRUIT TREES. We would remind our readers again of the soda wash for fruit trees, which we have so often recommended. This is the time of year for its application. Heat sal soda to redness, so as to drive out the water of crystallization and carbonic acid; then dissolve the caustic soda in water at the rate of one pound to the gallon, and apply it when cold to the trunks and larger branches of fruit trees. It will destroy coccidians and ova of insects, mosses of all kinds, decompose dead bark, and present a fine glossy surface, not likely to be attacked by insects. Unlike potash, it does not destroy any living portion of a plant, while it decomposes the dead portions readily. [Working Farmer.]

LICK ON CALVES. I have discovered a method of ridding calves of lice. Give them flax seed. I am wintering eight calves; they became very lousy, and I fed them half a pint at a time for two days, and the oil from it drove the lice all off.

[Genesee Farmer.]

That magnificent henry in France, from which the owner realized \$110,000 per year from the sale of eggs, turns out to be a big humbug. The Parisians make other disposition of their dead horses.

Strawberry Growing.

H. C. Collins, of Clinton County, Mich., gives his experience in strawberry growing thus:—

"In May, 1846, I commenced trying to raise strawberries. I then planted 6 rows of Boston Pine, 20 feet long, rows 18 inches apart, and plants 6 inches apart in the row, and two plants each of Barr's New Pine, Crimson Cone, and Longworth's. I put the last three kinds 4 feet apart, so as to get new plants, and had all I wanted that year—from 68 to 194 to each plant. The Boston Pine bore about a quart a day through the season, and we thought very much of them; some berries were three inches in circumference, but as soon as they were through bearing, I cut up every other plant, for they covered the ground; there were no weeds or runners, for we cut them off.

In August of the same year, I planted 6 rows, each of Crimson Cone, Longworth's and Barr's, 18 inches apart each way. I took them up with a trowel, so as not to disturb the roots, with a piece of dirt six inches square; and since I have transplanted in the same way. In 1857, we took good care of the plants, and had from 4 to 6 quarts a day, sometimes more, but found that all the plants were too thick; so, after they were through bearing, I cut out every other plant through the whole, and cut off all the runners except a few to use and give away.

In May, I got three plants each of Mr. Avo's Superior and Hovey's and, in August, planted of each kind 10 rows, 2 feet apart; each way, rows 20 feet long; and 15 rows each of Longworth's and Barr's New Pine, same distance apart. It took some time to cut runners and pull weeds, but the berries were very good, and from three to five inches in circumference—the largest.

In 1858, before the ground thawed in the Spring, I got two wagon-loads of oak sawdust, and covered the ground around 10 rows, each of Longworth's and Barr's New Pine, 2 inches thick, and within 3 inches of the middle of the plants. Through the Summer they did better than any others, for no weeds grew, and the runners did not root through the sawdust, and were out only once a month or so; the ground was not hoed, and was in better order for the plants than where it was weeded every two weeks, and as it kept moist, they bore rather better, too, and in picking after a rain they were clean. From all the plants we had all we could use and give away, beside all the birds wanted, and they had what they could eat, as we never shoot one nor frighten it away.

After picking 50 quarts a day, they looked as plentiful as ever, and we have neighbors here, too, so we could use a great many; but, besides all we and the birds used, a great many were spoiled. The berries were much larger than ever before. Single plants of Boston Pine of the first planting had 12 stems of berries, and though they are 36x18 inches, they bore more than any others of the same age. The soil is gravel, with a great deal of sand and a little clay mixed in; very easy to work, and is dry in a few minutes after a rain, though in a drought it feels more moist than clay or sandy ground, and the vines never dry up on it. The garden is on level land, on the top of a small hill. It has no manure of any kind where the strawberries are, and I am sure that they do better than the plants of neighbors who have put them on very rich places.

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From the New England Farmer.

Pear Trees.

Why is it that the pear tree does not flourish in every locality?

This question is often asked. It has been attributed by some to their situation or proximity to the ocean; and among others, by Downing. This theory he could not sustain, and hence, a few years after, he reseeded it, and remarked, that "a larger observation of the effects of the composition of soils, convinced us, that much of what we attributed to climate, was simply to a want of inorganic, or mineral manures in the soil." We apprehend that the want of proper soil in the first place, and the method of applying so much animal manure, more generally in the application of leaves in compost with wood ashes, and peat and shell lime.

Another objection we should have, to the use of unfertilized animal manure, is, that it stimulates, and as a consequence of this over-supply or forcing, induces a sort of plethora, or tenderness in the tree, from a too rapid and forced growth; hence we prefer to see a moderate and regular growth. We believe that good pasture land is better fitted for fruit trees, than that which has been long under the plow, because it is not exhausted of that decomposed vegetable and mineral matter, which is fitted to be the food of trees; the wood also ripening better. We have long observed that young trees, particularly the cherry, if making a great growth in the summer, was extremely apt to die out in the following winter, owing, undoubtedly, to its succulent growth, and want of ripeness in the new wood.

ICE CREAM. A rule, which a correspondent of the Rural New Yorker has always found excellent, is this:—Take one quart of sweet milk and cream, 2 eggs, 1 teaspoonful of white sugar, 1 teaspoonful of flour stirred into 1-4 teaspoonful of sweet milk, flavor to your liking. Put your milk in the freezer, or if you have no freezer a 3 quart pail as good, and set it into a kettle of boiling water, stirring the milk frequently, so that it will not burn. Beat the eggs, and when the milk boils stir them in to the milk—take it out of the water, put in the milk, the sugar, flour and flavoring. Put the ice into a bag and pound it into lumps the size of a hickory nut, put a layer of ice into a small tub, or whatever you wish to freeze it in, and a thin layer of salt, put your freezer or pail into the tub and then put a layer of ice and a layer of salt alternately around it. Stir the cream which will freeze from the sides with a spoon; stir it frequently until it is frozen. If you make it as directed, you will not fail of having excellent ice cream.

HOW THE BEAN CLIMBS THE POLE. Prof. Brewer of Washington College, Penn., communicates to the American Journal of Science and Arts the result of some experiments made by him on climbing vines—the hop, the Lima bean, and the morning glory. He finds they will climb around a transparent glass pipe just as well as anything else, and that they are most ardent in their embraces when the pole is warmer than the surrounding air. During the day the vine is attracted towards the light; but at night, and especially on cool nights, it turns to the pole. He learned also that the color of the pole makes no difference; the clinging instinct of the vine has no prejudice against any shade. The element of constancy is very largely developed, the vine, after it has reached the pole, showing a much stronger tendency to wind around it than it did before to reach it.

MANUFACTURES IN VASSALBORO'. The Maine Farmer gives some account of the North Vassalboro' Manufacturing Company, from which we learn, that notwithstanding the financial troubles of the country, and the consequent stoppage, within the last two years, of many manufacturing establishments, this company has continued in operation every day since its first starting. The company employ about 180 hands regularly, and work about 350,000 lbs. of wool each year, making about as many yards of cloth. They consume about 12,000 cords of wood each year. The rooms are lighted in the evenings with gas, which is made on the premises. The cloths of this manufacture took the highest premium at the World's Fair, held in London in 1851. T. S. Lang, an honorable and enterprising citizen of Maine, is the agent of the company.

If lamp oil is spilled on a dress that will not be injured by wetting, lay it immediately in a tub of cold water. A portion of the oil will be shortly seen to rise on the surface; then pour off the water, replace it with fresh, and still more oil will be seen floating on the top. Again pour off the water, and fill the tub anew, repeating the process till no more oil can be discovered on the surface. Then take out the dress, wring it well, dry and iron it.

TO REMOVE GREASE FROM BOOKS. Lay upon the spot a little magnesia or powdered chalk, and under it the same; set on in a warm station, and as soon as the grease is melted it will be all absorbed and leave the paper clean.

It has been estimated by Dr. Lee, of Ga., that the annual income of the soil of not less than one hundred millions of acres of land in the United States is diminishing at the rate of ten cents an acre.

MISCELLANY.

SCANDAL.

"Now, let it work, mischief thou art about, Take what course thou wilt."

The substance of the following is no fiction. In a neighboring village, whose inhabitants, like the good people of Athens, were much given "either to tell or to hear a new thing," lived Squire P., a facetious, good natured sort of a body, whose jokes are even yet a matter of Village Record, and have been re-told through various editions from folio down to duodecimo.

Aunt Lizzy was Deacon Snipe's wife's sister—a maiden lady of about fifty—she went to all the meetings—kept a regular account of every birth, death and marriage with their dates—doctored all the babies and knew every yard in the neighborhood—showed all the young women how to make soap, and when they had had luck, made every child in the house, sit cross-legged until the luck changed. In fine, she was a kind of village factotum—spent her time in going from house to house grinding out a gist of slander to each, as the occasion required, but always concluded with "the way of transgressor is hard;" poor Mrs. A. or B. (as the case was) I pity her from the bottom of my heart," or some other soothing reflection. Aunt Lizzy was always very fond of asking strangers and others, without regard to time or place "the state of their minds;" how they employed their minds," &c. These questions were generally followed by a string of scandal, which was calculated to destroy the peace and happiness of some of her best neighbors and friends; but she, like other narrators of this kind, considered such intellectual murder as either establishing her own reputation or as the only mode of entertaining the village, and thereby rendering herself agreeable.

One warm summer afternoon, as the Squire was sitting near his office door, smoking his pipe, Aunt Lizzy was passing by, and he called her suddenly to him, as the Squire said, by "what's your hurry, Aunt Lizzy?" The old lady who never wanted a second invitation went into the office and the following dialogue soon commenced.

"Well Squire P. I have been thinking this forenoon what a useful man you might be, if you'd only leave off your light conversation, as our Minister says."

"Why, as to that, Aunt Lizzy, a cheerful countenance! I consider as the index of a grateful heart, and you know what the Bible says on that subject—'When ye fast, be not as the hypocrites of a sad countenance; but annoint thy head and wash thy face.' (Aunt Lizzy began to feel for her pocket handkerchief, for she was a taker of snuff,) that thou appear not unto men to fast."

"Now there Squire—that's just what I told you—see how you have the scriptures at your tongue's end; what a useful man you might be in our church if you'd only be as sober as well as a hearer of the word."

"As to that, Aunt Lizzy, I don't see that you 'professors,' as you call them, are a whit better than I am, in private. I respect a sincere profession as much as any man; but I know enough of our church to know that she is no better than she should be."

At these intimations Aunt Lizzy's little black eyes began to twinkle; she sat down beside the Squire, in order to speak in a low tone—spread her handkerchief over her lap and tapping her snuff box in true style, and all things in readiness for a regular siege of "scandalum magnatum," she commenced fire—

"Now Squire, I want to know what you mean by one of our church? I know you mean—the trollop—I didn't like so many curls about head, when she told her experience."

"The Squire, finding curiosity was putting its boots on, had no occasion to add spurs to the heels, for the old lady had one in her head worth two of them. Accordingly he had no peace until he consented to explain what he meant by that expression 'in private'—this was a dear word with Aunt Lizzy.

"Now Aunt Lizzy, will you take a Bible oath, that you will never communicate what I am about to tell you, to any living being, and that you will keep it while you live as that most inviolable secret?"

"Yes, Squire, I declare I won't tell anybody nothing as long as I breathe the breath of life; and I'll take a Bible oath on it; there, sartin as I live before you or anybody else in the whole country."

"Well then, you know when I went up to Boston a year ago."

"Yes, yes, Squire, and I know who went with you too—Susy B. and Dolly T. and her sister Prudence."

"Never mind who went with me, Aunt Lizzy, there was a lot of passengers—But—"

"None of your buts, Squire—out with it—folks will call so—a trollop."

"But, Aunt Lizzy, I'm afraid you'll bring me into the scrape—"

"I've told you over and over again, that nobody never shall know nothing about it, and your wife knows I can't leaky."

"My wife! I wouldn't have her know what I am going to say for the world—why Aunt Lizzy, if she should know it."

"Well, don't be afraid Squire, once for all I'll take my oath that no living creature shall never as long as I live, know a lip on it."

"Well then—if you must know it—I slept with one of the likeliest of your church members half the way up!"

Aunt Lizzy drew in a long breath—shut

up her snuff box put it in her pocket, muttering to herself—

"The likeliest of our church members I tho't 'twas Susy B.—likeliest!—this comes of being flattered a—trollop—Well one thing I know—the way you'll never tell nobody on't, Squire for sartin as the world, if such a thing should be scattering abroad, like sheep without a shepherd."

In a few moments Aunt Lizzy took her departure; giving the Squire another caution and a sly wink, as she said good bye—let me alone for a secret.

It was not many days before Squire P. received a polite note from Parson G. requesting him to attend a meeting of the church and many of the parish, at the south Conference room in order to settle some difficulty with one of the church members, who in order to clear up her character, requested Squire P. to be present.

The Parson who was a very worthy man, knew the frailty of some of the weak sisters as Aunt Lizzy called them, and as he was a particular friend of Squire P. he requested him in his note to say nothing of it to his wife—But the Squire took the hint and telling his wife there was a Parish meeting, requested her to be ready by two o'clock and he would call for her.

Accordingly the hour of meeting came—the whole village flocked to the room which could not hold half of them. All eyes were alternately on the Squire and Susy B.—Mrs P. started and Susy looked as though she had been erring for a fortnight. The Parson with a softened voice, and in a delicate manner as possible stated the story about Susy B., which he observed was in everybody's mouth, and which he did not believe a word of. After painting in lively colors the evils of slander, with which their village had been infested, and particularly the church, called on Aunt Lizzy in presence of the meeting and before the church, to come out and make acknowledgments for violating a Bible oath—Aunt Lizzy's apology was that she only told Deacon Snipe's wife on't—and she took an oath, that she wouldn't never tell nobody else on't. Deacon Snipe's wife had, it appears, sworn Roger Toothaker's sister never to tell nobody on't—and so it went through the whole church, and thence through the village.

The Squire then acknowledged before the whole meeting, that he had, as he had told Aunt Lizzy, slept with a church member half the way up to Boston, and that he believed her to be one of the likeliest of their members, inasmuch as she would never hear or retail slander. All eyes were now turned alternately on Susy B. and Squire P.'s wife—Aunt Lizzy enjoyed a kind of diabolical triumph, which the Squire no sooner perceived than he finished his sentence by declaring that the church member to whom he alluded, was his own lawful wife!

Aunt Lizzy drew in her head under a huge bonnet as a turtle does under its shell, and marched away into one corner of the room, like a dog that had been killing sheep. The Squire as usual, burst into a fit of laughter, from which his wife, Susy B. and even the Parson could not refrain from joining—and Parson G. afterward acknowledged that Squire P. had given a death blow to scandal in the village, which all his preaching could not have done.

A GOOD JOKE ON DUMAS, THE NOVELIST. This happened four years ago. Salouque sent an Envoy to France, charged with a private mission, and armed with full powers. Shortly after the noble Minister's arrival, he caused himself to be introduced to Alexandre Dumas, senior, whose papa, as everybody knows, or ought to know, was a magnificent General of a molasses color. Dumas senior is a shade lighter than was his parent, being of a sallow tint, and Dumas junior, son of Dumas senior, pretends to be almost white. So he is—in the dark.

The Haytian Envoy, after diplomatically beating about the bush for a considerable time, finally came to business, and wound up by informing the astonished novelist that his (the Envoy's) mission to France, was for the purpose of demanding the hand in marriage of Dumas junior, for Her Imperial Highness the Princess Olive, daughter of the Emperor of all the Haytiens.

"The hand of Alexander!" cried father Dumas thunderstruck. "Goodness gracious! Gracious goodness! The colored person must be insane! I say you must be!"

He paused. The fact is, the author of Monte Cristo bears the enviable reputation of never having deliberately said a disagreeable word to anybody. So he simply added by way of saying something:—"Its impossible, sir! Utterly impossible."

"Why?" demanded the envoy.

"Why?—Because—hum!—because my son's origin is too obscure for him to dream of such an honor!" and papa Dumas thought this a triumphant piece of cunning.

"Nothing of the sort, sir. And after all," continued the envoy, with engaging modesty, "what are we? Only parvenus. I myself once peddled oysters. You would not imagine it, I know; but it's a fact. Besides, sir, if we were to demand a prince, we should be refused; or at all events, he fobbed off with an old ugly one. A literary prince that's the ticket. He may write as many books and plays down there as he chooses."

Papa Dumas, who was terribly embarrassed, scratched his ear, and at last said:—"Listen to me. I know Alexander tolerably well. He is continually growing about my ignorance of business; and, as for taking a wife on my recommendation he would laugh at the bare idea. Suppose we ask Thompson to break the subject to him?"

The envoy was satisfied with this plan and Thompson was forthwith desired to repeat the proposition to Dumas junior. Dumas junior swore that Thompson must be crazy, and ordered the servant to go for a doctor.

"Nonsense!" interposed Thompson, "I am perfectly sane; it is you who are crazy, to refuse such a splendid opportunity. Think of a fortune of several millions!"

"Bah!" retorted Dumas junior. "Too risky! If the old dorky should happen to be dethroned, I would be obliged to support the whole family."

"Not at all," replied the sagacious Thompson, "you risk nothing whatever. In case of the little accident you mention, you could take the whole concern over to the United States and sell em!"

SPEED OF RAILROAD CARS. Many of the accidents which happen to persons attempting to cross railroads are the results of ignorance of the velocity of the iron horse when fairly under way. A writer in the Hartford Courant gives some interesting facts which it may be well to bear in mind:

"It seems almost incredible that, as we glide smoothly along, the elegantly furnished car moves nearly twice its length in about a second of time—about 74 feet. At this velocity we find that the locomotive driving wheels, six feet in diameter, make four revolutions per second. It is no idle piston-rod that traverses the cylinder eight times per second.

If a man with a horse and carriage should approach and cross the track at a speed of six miles per hour, which would be crossing rapidly, an express train approaching at the same moment would move two hundred and fifty seven feet while he was in the act of crossing a distance barely sufficient to clear the horse and vehicle. If the horse was moving no faster than a walk, as the track is usually crossed, the train would move towards him, while in the act of crossing, more than five hundred feet. This fact accounts for the many accidents at such points. The person driving thinks he may cross because the train is a few rods distant.

How compares the highest speed with the velocity of sound? When the whistle is opened at the eighty rod whistling post, the train will advance nearly one hundred feet before the sound traverses the distance to and is heard, at the crossing—The velocity exceeds the flight of birds. The late Dr. J. L. Comstock, the well known author of several philosophical works, informs the writer that he was recently passing through Western New York when the train actually ran down and killed a common hawk. The train was stopped and the game so rarely captured was secured.

AN AGREEABLE COMPANION. One is often wearied with a great talker, but never with an agreeable companion.—How eagerly the society of an agreeable friend is sought! How welcome they are on a journey, or in a sick room, or at home. Life assumes a very different aspect when we live in such a genial atmosphere. We are never tired of living, because there is a charm, a spell that binds us to that fellow being. Look at the opposite character, a disagreeable woman, and you will understand my meaning. It is a person whose daguerrotype is more easily taken, and may we not fear the reason because the likeness is more common? A fretful, cross-grained being, who never sees a ray of sunshine but a cloud all the darker follows it. One who entertains her friends with descriptions of petty grievances in her children, or who inveighs against her "help" who are always rude and unaccommodating, and who indicts all yesterday's conversation with Bridget the cook, or Nancy the chambermaid upon you and is sure to narrate what "she said," and what "I said to her." Such a person is a decided bore, and more than once have I heard one and another remark, "oh we won't call there—Mrs. is so tedious about her family affairs."

An agreeable person never holds up the faults of her connections, or friends, or domesticities, for the sake of "making talk," as some call it. There are always a vast many subjects upon which one may dilate, according to the taste, occupation, or habit of those with whom we are conversing, may suggest, whereby mutual benefit may be conferred. Perhaps we have need again to cite the remark, the most agreeable are not of necessity the most loquacious. Dr. Johnson once said he knew of but one agreeable woman in the world, and the whole secret of her being so, arose from the fact, she knew just what to speak, and just what to say. A rare gift, truly.

HENS. Persons living in villages where their neighbors wish to cultivate a garden or raise flowers, can hardly do anything more annoying than to allow their hens to range freely in their neighbor's gardens, destroying in a few moments the work of days and in some instances destroying plants that have been years attaining their present growth.

We believe that a man should never allow himself to be angry, but we should like to see one that could look upon the devastations frequently made in gardens by a flock of hens, and not get a little "riled." We contend that it should not be considered a breach of good manners or neighborly kindness, for persons thus annoyed by their neighbor's hens to shoot them. It would much cheaper for some of them, even if they had to pay for the hens. Our advice to all who keep hens and wish to live peacefully with their neighbors is to keep them at home. [Haverhill Gazette.]

